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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1889, by G. E. Desbarats & Son, at the Department of Agriculture.

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MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 4th MAY, 1889.



APPROACH OF A STORM.

From the painting by C. Raupp.

Photograph supplied by G. E. Macrae, Toronto, Director for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company.

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4th MAY, 1889.



The Report of the Labour Commission recently submitted to Parliament contains facts and conclusions of the utmost importance to all who are concerned or interested in Canadian industry. It is twofold, the Commissioners, as so often happens in such cases, being unable to agree on certain points. Consequently we have a document signed by a minority, as well as that which expresses the views of most of the Commissioners. The range of subjects covered by the Commission's inquiries is most comprehensive—including the employment and treatment of children—a branch of the investigation which comprises some dark passages—strikes and kindred labour contests, the apprentice system and other vexed questions. The Report reveals no such distress as that which the "Sweating" Commission has been bringing to light in England, nor does the competition of which workers of either sex in Canada have to take account approach in its crushing and ruthless reality the cruel rivalry of the imported foreign element of the English cities. Nevertheless, there are grievances to redress, and it may be that the safest plan to ensure them constant and prompt attention, before they become intolerable and a menace to society, is to place our labour interests, as proposed, in charge of a single responsible Minister of the Crown. With this subject we shall deal more fully in a future issue.

It is pleasant to see that the movement for the development of our resources, if it sometimes lags, never comes to an utter pause. During the last few months we see by English exchanges that Canada's phosphate deposits are attracting more attention than ever before. A few weeks ago a new and important discovery of gold was reported from Nova Scotia. There seems to have been some exaggeration, or else those interested thought that silence, as the proverb indicates, would be more in harmony with such a find. Whether that be so or not, there is not the slightest doubt that Canada is rich in that precious metal to an extent that might, under other auspices, be made the basis of several Eldorados. Already British Columbia has yielded considerably over \$50,000,000 in gold—the bulk of it being attributed to the Cariboo region. In this province what gold there is has never been properly worked. The opinion has been expressed by mineralogists that, in skilful hands, the Chaudière Valley might be made one of the richest mining districts in the Dominion. Our coal fields, those of the North-West especially, have also been receiving attention in the old world. According to the London *Times*, some samples of

coal from the seams of the Canadian Anthracite Company, in the Cascade District of the Bow River Pass, has lately been graded as "No. 1 free-burning white-ash anthracite." It is expected that the whole vast area will soon be opened up by the employment of British capital.

"The cry of the crofter" was not the least sad or the least urgent of the appeals which, in our day, the Old World has made to the New. It is some cause for satisfaction to know that, notwithstanding some initial blunders, Canada's contribution to the relief of the sufferers is not likely to prove unsuccessful. In what essential respects "crofter colonization" differs from the colonization of any small farmers (those of Ireland or of England for instance) we are not prepared to say. But the term is a convenient one, and it has come to be adopted for a scheme of emigration which, by a little timely help, places a family in its new home with prospects of assured independence, which, if left to itself, it could hardly entertain. The term colonization is properly applied to it, as the emigrants are sent out in colonies to the same district, instead of being left to go their ways at haphazard. As yet it cannot be confidently said that the scheme has fulfilled all the expectations of its promoters, but there is no reason to complain, and another year or two will decide whether the plan is the best available.

We hear so much of the struggle for existence in these days (and a terribly close hand-to-hand fight it is sometimes) that it is a welcome diversion when our thoughts are called to some deed of heroism or self-sacrifice. Whatever pessimists may say, the heart of humanity to-day is no less generous, no less sympathetic than in any heroic past, legendary or real. The rescue of the *Danmark*'s passengers, the news of which ended a long and harrassing suspense and brought solace to hundreds of anxious households, was made all the more welcome by the story of unostentatious and self-denying kindness and consideration that made it possible. As our readers are aware, the *Danmark* was about 800 miles from Newfoundland when the accident which disabled her and killed her engineer took place. She and her living freight were saved by Capt. Murrell, of the *Missouri*, a new steamship in the carrying trade between London and Philadelphia. All honour to Captain Murrell, his officers and men!

Dr. William Osler, formerly of the Medical Faculty of McGill College, now of the University of Pennsylvania, has written to the *Witness*, of this city, a thoughtful letter on the question of medical education for women in the Dominion. He is by no means opposed to the movement. On the contrary, he knows women who adorn the profession and sincerely wishes that there were more such. What he fears is for the future of the ladies who take medical degrees, after they had passed all their examinations and became full-fledged alumnae of McGill University. "Canada," writes Dr. Osler, "offers no field for them," and he says so "with a tolerably wide knowledge of the existing condition of the profession in the several provinces. From Victoria to Halifax there are certainly not twenty towns in which," continues Dr. Osler, "I should like to see a young female practitioner open an office. The larger cities can support two or perhaps three each; places of the size of Hamilton, London, Halifax and St. John, would, in time, support one each. But as for towns of the size of Guelph, Sher-

brooke, Galt and Peterborough, filled as they are with able, shrewd male practitioners, who enjoy the full confidence of the public, I do not hesitate to predict utter failure for any woman doctor who settles in such places." As to the need for them elsewhere—in India, for instance,—Dr. Osler thinks that such a plea would hardly justify the outlay of large sums in Montreal for their education. He suggests, however, that the University of Calcutta is open to women who would do medical missionary work on the basis of Lady Dufferin's scheme. On the question of co-education medical opinion is still divided.

With whomsoever the blame may lie, either in the first place or in the second place, the religious agitation which, beginning in Ontario, has now been introduced into this province, is sincerely to be deplored by all who have the interests of the Dominion at heart. Such agitation where (if such need ever arises) it is called for, is never delicate in its distribution of blame. The only principle of judgment that it obeys is "Ex uno discere omnes." To wage war against a community because it may harbour a few bigots—and there are bigots in all creeds—is unfair and unwise. In the present instance the real offenders—those who have through inadvertence or of malice prepense trodden upon the touchy toes of Protestantism—constitute a mere handful of the population. They could not claim the sympathy of all their fellow-religionists, but the latter, through conventional necessity, let their right of protest go by default. Protest here was, indeed, at an earlier stage, but political partisanship made it of no avail. Now the strange thing has happened that nearly a million of people find themselves made responsible for the proceedings of a mere maniple of politicians who, through lack of foresight or pride of power, committed a blunder. But one blunder is not mended by another. The agitation is to be regretted on many grounds.

The study of Canadian history has, for some years past, been pursued in nearly all our centres of culture with an ardour that is full of promise. The historical societies of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec, Ontario and Manitoba have shown an earnestness and an activity which have been extremely fruitful in character and direction. The younger organizations have been especially praiseworthy in stimulating research in directions hitherto but slightly followed up. The Manitoba Literary and Scientific Society, under the zealous leadership of Professor Bryce, the historian, and others like-minded, has made the early exploration and later development of the Northwest and the empire of the Hudson's Bay Company its peculiar field, at the same time giving attention to aboriginal ethnology and languages. The Lundy's Lane Historical Society carries its flag in its name, and we have already had an earnest of the new light that it will shed on our military and Loyalist annals. The Society for Historical Studies of Montreal has, in the course of three or four years, succeeded in establishing a magazine, *Canadiana*, which is now on a firm basis under the editorial care of Mr. W. J. White, the vice-president and chief founder of the Society. The Haliburton of Windsor, N.S., of which Prof. Roberts is president, is another valiant young society, of whose quality our readers have already had an example. And now we learn that an aim which all these societies, as well as their older sisters, have kept constantly in view, the recognition of Canadian history in

our seats of learning, has been accomplished as far as McGill University is concerned. Need we add that the Arts Faculty's action has given general satisfaction to all patriotic students and educationists?

In *Scribner's Magazine* for May there is a most interesting and instructive article, by Messrs. Leroy Milton Hale and J. G. Aylwin Creighton, entitled "The Land of the Winanishe." Our readers need not be told that the "winanishe" (or "ouinaniche," in its French form), is a fish, the character of which is implied in its name (Montagnais or Cree), which is said to mean "the little fresh-water salmon." The "Land of the Winanishe," as our readers are also aware, is the Lake St. John country, the *Salmo Salar*, of the variety *Sebago* (so called from a lake in Maine, where it attains its greatest size) abounding in Lake St. John and its streams. "The region was better known to the French colonists two centuries ago than it is to the average Canadian today." Père De Quen had travelled to Lake St. John in the middle of the seventeenth century, and the river routes to Hudson's Bay are accurately described in the Relations for 1658. In 1672 Père Albanel reached that great northern sea, and eight years later a trader named Peltier had a post at the source of the Ashuapmouchuan. Not till after the expiry of the lease of the King's Posts to the H. B. Co. (as successors to the N. W. Co. and the farmers of the Domaine du Roi) in 1842, did settlement begin, but under the energetic auspices of those "Lumber Kings," the Prices, and of colonization societies, the triangle between Ha Ha Bay, Chicoutimi and the Lake was soon filled with thriving parishes, and the population around Lake St. John is now over 40,000. For what concerns the "ouinanishe," its haunts and habits, and the methods of charming it from its land-locked habitat, we refer the disciples of gentle Izaak to the article in *Scribner*.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF CANADA.

This institution, which, like our Royal Canadian Academy of Art, owes its origin to the Marquis of Lorne, will hold its eighth annual meeting next week, beginning on the 7th inst. Hitherto the Society has met at a later date in the same month, but the change was made to suit the convenience of a majority of the members. The meeting has always taken place at Ottawa, which is the residence of the Honorary Secretary, Dr. Bourinot, to whom the Society is largely indebted for whatever success it has achieved. According to the act of incorporation, assented to on the 25th of May, 1883, the objects of the Society are the encouragement of studies and investigations in literature and science, the publication of transactions containing original papers and memoirs of merit, the offering of prizes or other inducements for essays on subjects relating to Canada, and the aiding of researches that promise to be valuable. The formation of a national museum of ethnology, archaeology, and natural history, is also one of the aims of the Society. Of these objects only one has so far been carried out—the publication of yearly transactions. The six bulky volumes that have been printed comprise the results of original research in several departments of science. Each volume is made up of five parts—the proceedings and the papers read or presented in each of the four sections. The first section is devoted to French literature; the second to English literature, with, in each case, history, archaeology, and

allied subjects; the third to mathematical, chemical and physical, and the fourth to geological and biological sciences. The members of the first section have cordially accepted the obligations imposed by the constitution, admitting purely literary, as well as historical, papers into their Transactions. In the second section no literary work has as yet appeared in the yearly volume. In the only case in which such work was recommended for publication, the author preferred to make other use of it. It cannot be denied that, so far, that section has lacked the inspiring impulse of a definite purpose. Nor, indeed, has the Society, as a whole, done its duty in encouraging historical or scientific research. A committee was, it is true, appointed in 1884 to inquire into and report on the forms that such encouragement generally took in other countries, and to suggest the best means of making like provision in Canada. The committee represented one member of the first, and four members of the third section. It made a report which dealt with only one kind of encouragement—that of university endowments, whereas the act of incorporation mentions as worthy of the Society's fostering care the authors of "valuable papers on subjects relating to Canada." We sincerely believe that the usefulness of the Royal Society might be greatly increased if it expended some of its energies and means in the direction indicated. With its name and position, it ought to be an inspiring centre for all generous culture and fruitful research throughout the Dominion.

THE DAIRY INTEREST.

Any person who is not in too great a hurry to give it a moment's observation may occasionally, while on his way to business, witness a little drama that is not without significance to city householders. He may see a man, clad in rustic garb, driving a wagon containing a number of large tin jars, suddenly brought to a standstill (sometimes not without indignant protest) by a person of more or less professional appearance. The colloquy that ensues is ended by the production of a six or eight ounce bottle, which the driver of the cart is seen to fill with white fluid from one of his tins. This bold highwayman is a public analyst. On the whole, we are happy to be able to say, those who supply milk to the City of Montreal have no reason to dread the analyst's approach, though it is the fashion to qualify all city milk as an inferior article. The dishonest milk-vendor has no more watchful or more formidable foe than his honest competitor. There is no subject to which more attention has been devoted of late years in Canada than that of milk production, not only in connection with the supply of large communities, but as it concerns the dairy industry. In this province, to which we would, for the present, mainly confine our remarks—the movement that aims at the improvement of our milch kine, and the adoption of approved methods for making the most of them, received a fresh and fruitful impulse, some seven years ago, when a law was passed creating the "Société d'industrie laitière de la Province de Quebec," or what in Ontario would be called a Dairymen's Association. Since that year, 1882, regular yearly meetings have been held and full reports of the proceedings published. The society began its operations under good auspices. It was no rash experiment. For twelve years before it came into existence, the industry whose welfare it aimed to promote

had shown a remarkable development, especially in the production of cheese manufacture. According to the census of 1871, there were in the Dominion 353 cheese factories; of these 25 were in the Province of Quebec. In 1881 the figure had risen to 709 for the Dominion—that is, it had a little more than doubled, while, in this province, the 25 factories of 1871 had grown to 140, almost a sixfold increase. From the port of Montreal alone the exports of cheese in 1881 were 551,847 boxes. In 1884 the number was enhanced to 1,108,448 boxes, and last year it rose to 1,134,349 boxes. Nearly the half of that quantity was sent to Liverpool; the remainder to Bristol, London and Glasgow.

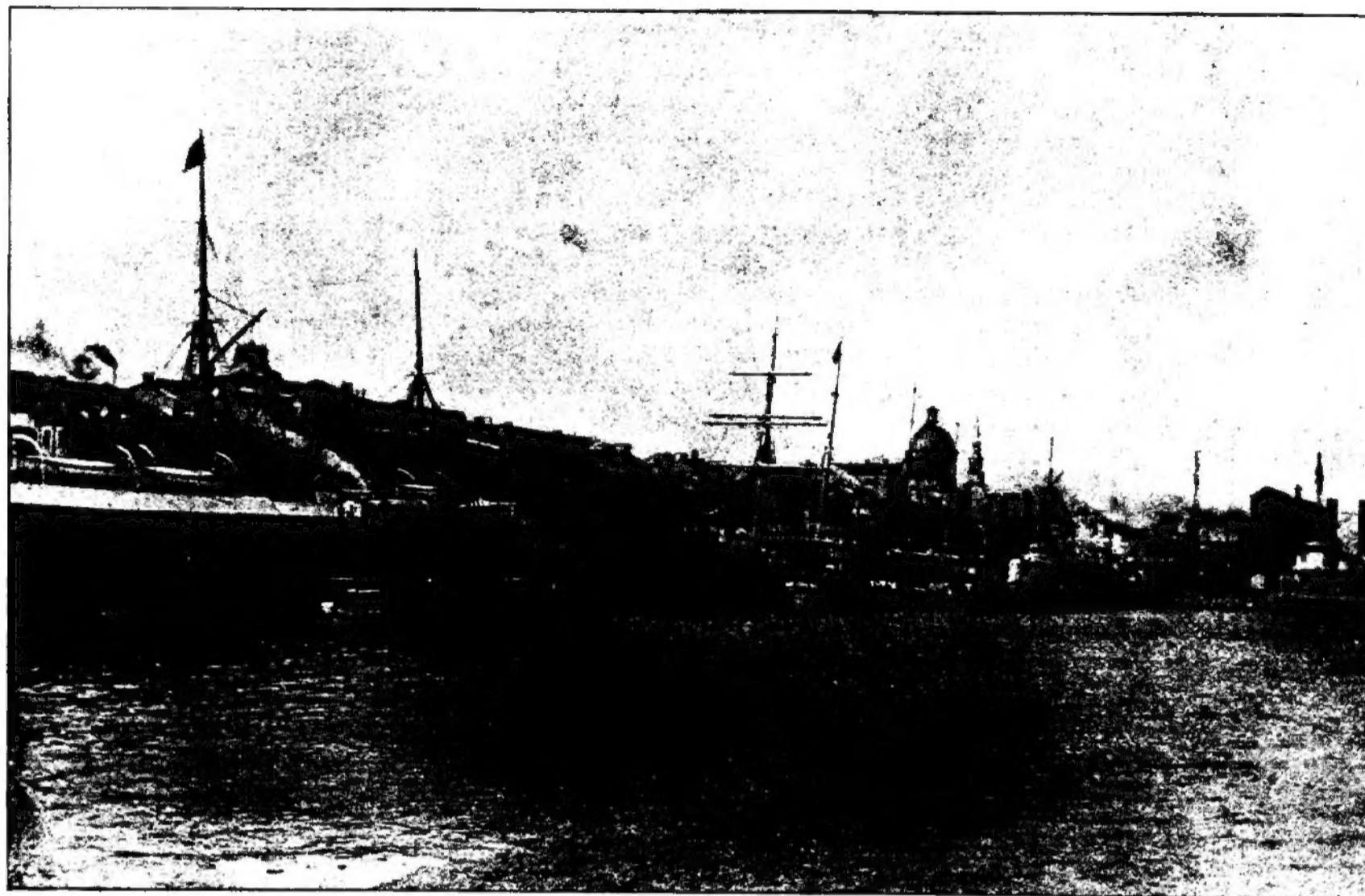
But while Canadian, including Quebec, cheese is thus appreciated in the mother country, there has been no corresponding favour shown to our butter. On the contrary, indeed, it has fallen in public estimation. It has of late been no match for the competition of the continent—Denmark, Holland, etc.—and, what is more serious, it has, to all appearance, degenerated from its own former standard. It is needless to seek the cause of this decline. The main thing is to raise the quality until it has secured the confidence of foreign buyers. To attain that end the efforts of the society have been devoted. Nothing, indeed, seems to have been omitted during the last few years—as far as the thoughts and labours of our leading agriculturists are concerned—to arouse the Quebec farmer from his apathy and to draw him out of the rut of hopeless routine. The Hon. Mr. Beaubien, Mr. E. A. Barnard, the Hon. P. Boucher de la Bruere, Drs. McEachran and Couture, Mr. D. M. Macpherson, Messrs. Jocelyn, Archambault, Lesage, with a number of the clergy, interested in agricultural education, and several other gentlemen, have been indefatigable in pushing on the good work. But to the active championship of the cause by Mr. W. H. Lynch, the dairy industry has, during the last two years, been exceptionally indebted. By his writings, by his example, by his visits to the great centres of progress and instruction in Europe, as well as on this continent, Mr. Lynch has given an impetus to this branch of productive industry, from which the best results may be hopefully awaited. In England men like Professors Tanner and Fream have co-operated in the same direction, some of their treatises having been prepared with special reference to Canada. It only remains now for the farming population of the province to avail themselves of the mass of information on every phase of the question, from the choice of cows to the making of butter, that has been placed within their reach, to bring about the change so much desired—a change that would make our record in the manufacture of butter as honourable and as profitable as that which we enjoy as makers and exporters of cheese.

VILLENEUVE HOUSE.*

Now the sweet twilight comes with silent tread,
The darkling shadows over white hills creep
Like spirits from the pines, and pale lights sleep
On gentle slopes where late the sun burned red—
And from the dome the golden light is fled,
And silken blinds the quiet chambers keep—
Within the cheery halls peace broodeth deep,
The busy murmur of the day is dead.
Melted by servid suns of mild March days,
From gabled roof the snow has disappeared,
The leafless trees like ghosts are gaunt and weird,
Thin shadows casting over pleasant ways.
The twilight fades and from her glittering car
On Villeneuve House soft shines the evening star!

HELEN M. MERRILL.

*The residence of Ph. Low, Q.C., Picton, Ont.



OPENING OF NAVIGATION; VIEW IN MONTREAL HARBOUR.

From a photograph by Cumming.



THE CATTLE MARKET, TORONTO.

4th MAY, 1889.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.

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MAJOR PETERS, OF "C" BATTERY R. C. ARTILLERY, VICTORIA, B. C.



HON. SIR DANIEL MACPHERSON, SENATOR.
From a photograph by Topley.

THE R. B. ANGUS GIFT TO THE ART ASSOCIATION.



IN THE WOODS.

By Bliss Baker.



APPROACH OF A STORM, BY C. RAUPE.—There is evidently no time to be lost. We see enough of the sky to know that it is in no vain premonition that those white wings are circling overhead. That black cloud will soon burst forth in fury. The very water has an ominous, troubled look. Away off at the verge of the horizon the rain has already begun to fall. But the quaint old boat is in good hands. The aged matron has weathered storms before and the strong and graceful girl is no novice in boatcraft. The little one is placidly patient, having the same faith in her elders that pussy (an old sailor, too, apparently) repose in her. She knows that her pet does not like the water, and so she had made a waterproof of her pinafore. It is a fine picture, on the details of which much might be said. The three figures, with the suggested impression of strong effort in two of them, of calm expectancy in the third, the sense of motion in boat and birds, and of impending wrath in the black heavens, all justify the title and our admiration.

OPENING OF NAVIGATION, MONTREAL.—In an article which he wrote in connection with the last winter carnival, Mr. S. E. Dawson took pains to impress upon his readers—especially those of them who were attracted from a distance to what they had been led to regard as Montreal's main attraction—that the commercial metropolis of the Dominion was a summer city as well as a winter city. The truth is that, since the carnival "boom" began (and it has certainly been a successful boom) attention has been somewhat too exclusively directed to the brumal features of life in Canada. It is certainly well that our neighbours in all parts of the world should be made aware that a climate which they had been taught to look upon with dread is, on actual acquaintance, by no means formidable, but, on the contrary, a source of health and manifold pleasure. At the same time, it is equally desirable that they should know that it is not in winter alone that Montreal and Quebec are interesting to the stranger in search of new scenes and sensations. Apart from its historic associations, which surpass in interest those of most new world centres, and match some of those which are household words beyond the Atlantic, Montreal is a mighty mart of commerce, an *entrepot* for the trade of two hemispheres, and in its industrial activity stands among the great cities of the world. For the last five years the imports of Montreal have averaged from \$40,000,000 to \$45,000,000; its exports, from \$25,000,000 to \$30,000,000. Though over 500 miles from the ocean, it owes its marked importance as a port to its fine position at the head of ship navigation on the grand St. Lawrence, and as the starting point of a chain of inland waters, which already penetrate to Port Arthur on the northwest of Lake Superior, as well as to Duluth on the same lake, Chicago on Lake Michigan, and a number of other centres of trade and transportation. With a comparatively small outlay, indeed, by means of canalization, this giant chain of waterways might be made to permeate the whole continent to the Rocky Mountains, the Arctic Ocean and Hudson's Bay. One of the schemes that were broached in the years before our trans-continental line of railway took definite shape was just such a utilization of the water courses that nature has placed at our disposal. The story of Montreal's development from the little fort of 1642, on the site of the present Custom House, with the successive improvements that have brought the harbour to its present perfection, would fill a volume. Old views show that even at a comparatively recent date it was entirely destitute of wharf accommodation, and now that accommodation, though once deemed ample provision for all our needs, is considered insufficient for the requirements of our growing trade. The quays are built of solid limestone, and uniting with the cut-stone wharves of the Lachine canal, they present for two miles a display of masonry that has few parallels in the old world or the new. A few years ago a succession of disastrous floods made it imperatively necessary that some safeguard should be devised. Out of the multitude of counsellors arose the unsightly dyke, from which, we hope, by the march of invention or a climate taught to relent, we may ere long be delivered. Our engraving presents a spectacle with which Montrealers are familiar. It shows craft of all kinds awakened from their winter slumber or diverted from their winter pathways, to seek once more the hospitality of Montreal. It is a picture of hope, of life, of enterprise. There are few harbours that exhibit more intense and diverse energy than that of Montreal during the seven months of open water.

THE CATTLE MARKET, TORONTO.—This engraving calls for little remark. It gives a glimpse of an industry which has of late taken extremely large proportions throughout the Dominion, and which, by the opening of our great ranching areas, is destined to expand still more hereafter. The Toronto cattle market is situated in the western end of the city, covering an area of about two acres, a space thoroughly inadequate for the amount of trade which is done there. Toronto is a great centre for exportation, which is carried on largely, and the market is not large enough to receive all the cattle consigned to it yearly. Trainloads of cows, sheep, etc., have to be sent through to Montreal or Buffalo. An energetic movement has been on foot to effect the sale of the present premises and to buy a new lot and erect new buildings, but no steps have as yet

been taken to complete the movement. One of the greatest advantages to be derived from new premises would be the erection of slaughter houses, where beef, etc., sold for domestic purposes, would be inspected by duly appointed inspectors; it would also do away with the danger of driving cattle through the streets to private slaughter-houses. Beyond a doubt the large local and foreign distribution of cattle which takes place yearly, and which is steadily increasing, will necessitate some fresh arrangements in the near future. Our engraving will give some idea of the general appearance of the market. Perhaps a glance at the past in connection with Toronto's share in the growth of the cattle trade may be of interest to our readers. By a proclamation in the *Gazette* of November 3, 1803, Governor Hunter appointed a weekly market for the town of York and set apart a place in which it should be held. It began with the usual "Know all men," and went on to signify that he, the said Peter Hunter, Esq., by and with the advice of the Executive Council of the Province, had "ordained, erected, established and appointed" a public open market, "for the purpose of exposing for sale cattle, sheep, poultry and other provisions, goods and merchandise." The sinking of a well for a public pump was one of the events of the year 1823. Open air auctions took place occasionally in the neighbourhood of the institution. The pillory and stocks were also to be seen from time to time in the market square. In 1804 a woman was sentenced by Chief Justice Alcock to stand in them for two hours on two successive market days. The offence of which she was convicted was the somewhat vague one of "being a nuisance." Now-a-days nuisances are not so easily disposed of. Personal liberty is more considered by the present generation than it was by our forefathers. From the opening of Governor Hunter's market to the erection and laying out of the buildings and grounds of the Industrial Exhibition some ten years ago the progress of Toronto in the cattle trade, as in other phases of business, was sure and steady. To antiquarians the memorial of the old fort, or trading post, a relic of the French régime, consisting of a cairn erected at the suggestion of the Rev. Dr. Scadding, will not be the least interesting feature of the Exhibition grounds.

MAJOR JAMES PETERS, "C" BATTERY, R.C.A.—Our regular army, though smaller than most permanent military forces, contains a larger proportion of officers and men who have been on the battlefield than, perhaps, any army in the world. And of those who have thus distinguished themselves our Regiment of Canadian Artillery comprises its full share. Of the three batteries of which it is composed "A" Battery is stationed at Kingston, under command of Lieut.-Col. Irwin; "B" Battery is at Quebec, and is under command of Lieut.-Col. Montizambert, while "C" Battery is stationed at Victoria, B.C., in charge of Lieut.-Colonel Holmes, with Major James Peters as next in command. The strength of these corps is 150, 160 and 100, respectively. "C" Battery was formed, in part, out of quotas furnished by Batteries "A" and "B," which are, therefore, under their usual strength. The new battery promises to equal in efficiency its older sisters in the service. Major Peters, whose portrait we present to our readers in the present number, though still in the prime of life and vigour, is a veteran by military service. He obtained his lieutenancy as long ago as July 10, 1874; he was gazetted as captain, May 6, 1878, and received his majority on the 6th of October, 1887. His part in the campaign against the Northwest Rebellion of 1885 was most honourable. His name is repeatedly mentioned in the official despatches of the commander-in-chief. "Captain Peters," wrote General (now Sir F.) Middleton, with reference to the movements of April 24, 1885, "with great pluck and dash led the dismounted men of 'A' Battery, supported by a party of the 90th, under Captain Ruttan, and gallantly attempted to dislodge them, but they were so well covered and were able to bring such a heavy fire on the party advancing without being seen, killing three men, two artillerymen and one of the 90th (the body of one artilleryman was afterwards found within eight or ten yards of their pits) that I resolved to leave them, contenting myself with extending more of the 90th in front to watch them and sending some shells into the bluff now and then." Again, of what took place on the 9th of May, General Middleton wrote: "During this time Captain Peters, of 'A' Battery, had endeavored to drive the enemy out of the pits from whence had come the fire which had caused me to retire the guns, with a portion of the Garrison Artillery of 'A' Battery School, but the fire was too hot and they had to retire, leaving a wounded man behind." Again of the skirmish of May 15: "Capt. Peters as usual is well to the front, covering the guns with the dismounted portion of 'A' Battery. It will thus be seen that Major Peters is every inch a soldier, as well as a mighty hunter of Rocky Mountain goats. For his exploits in that line we refer our readers to the capital series of views, engraved from his own photographs.

HON. SIR D. L. MACPHERSON, K.C.M.G., P.C.—The gentleman whose portrait we present on another page is well known throughout the Dominion. In Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, as well as the cities farther east and farther west, Sir David L. Macpherson has, at various stages in his career, been a familiar figure. Born in Scotland in 1818, of a family not unrepresented in Scottish annals, he received his education at the Royal Academy of Inverness. In 1835 he came to Canada to try his fortune and soon began to take an interest in public affairs. In 1864 he offered himself as a candidate for the representation of the Saugeen division and was elected. He continued to sit in the old Canadian Parliament until 1867, when he was called by royal proclamation to the Senate. He was then known as

a man of great wealth and prominently connected with enterprises of national importance, and his reputation in business and social circles was of the highest. It was he who formed and became president of the Inter-oceanic Railway Company, incorporated for the construction of a line across the continent. The terms of the company were not, however, accepted by the Government, and the great line was built under other auspices. In association with Colonel Gzowski, or rather the firm which bears his name, Sir D. L. Macpherson has constructed some important works, comprising several railways. On subjects of finance and other public questions Sir David's opinion has always been highly prized by those who knew him. In 1868 he was appointed arbitrator for Ontario for the division and adjustment of the debts, credits, liabilities and properties of Upper and Lower Canada. He has held the important position of president of the Montreal Board of Trade. He has also been president of St. Andrew's Society, Toronto. He is a director of the Molson's Bank, of the Western Canada Permanent Loan and Savings Company, of the Guarantee Company of North America. As a writer on financial and commercial questions Sir David Macpherson has few superiors. In 1869 he published a monograph on Banking and Currency, and between 1877 and 1882, dealt searchingly with the same and other questions of interest in a number of brochures which had considerable influence on the enlightened public mind. In February, 1880, Mr. Macpherson was appointed Speaker of the Senate and member of the Executive Council, though without portfolio, a position which in October, 1883, he exchanged for that of Minister of the Interior and Superintendent of Indian Affairs. In 1884 he was admitted as Knight Commander, to the distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George. In 1885, on the reorganization of the Cabinet, Sir D. L. Macpherson resigned his portfolio and was succeeded by the late Hon. Thomas White. Sir D. L. Macpherson married in June, 1844, Miss Elizabeth Sarah, eldest daughter of the late William Molson, Esq., of Montreal, and grand-daughter of the Hon. John Molson, who had been member of the Executive Council of Lower Canada and president of the Bank of Montreal. In appearance Sir David is of commanding stature and of impressive presence. One of his daughters is married to Mr. R. R. Dobell, of Quebec; another to the Hon. George Kirkpatrick, late Speaker of the House of Commons.

"IN THE WOODS," BY BLISS BAKER (ANGUS COLLECTION).—In this issue our readers will find, on another page, the last, but not the least noteworthy, of the paintings of Mr. Angus's admirable gift. For his woodland scene the artist has chosen a natural glade caused by the action of water which has left its impress in more ways than one. The pools of the streamlet, which, though now virtually motionless, gives evidence of wild life in its past career, have afforded the artist an opportunity of bringing out a wealth of beauty in the reflected trees, while with those placid mirrors the hazy veil that dims the background is at once in contrast and harmony. The stones also are full of suggestion. Though so simple in subject, the picture has no lack of artistic variety and abounds in points of interest. It is an artist's picture, perhaps, rather than one that seeks popular applause, but its merits are beyond question.

LAKE ST. JOSEPH AND BIG OTTER CREEK.—One of our pages in this issue is devoted to some charming views of scenery on Lake St. Joseph and Big Otter Creek, in the vicinity of Tilsonburg. Our readers will bear in mind that the lovely little pond which bears the name of St. Joseph is to be distinguished from Lake St. Joseph, which is one of the principal features of the Muskoka water system. In the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED for March 23, it may be recalled, we gave some views of the same delightful neighbourhood, with a brief biographic sketch of the local magnate, the late Joseph Van Norman, Esq., in whose honour, as a benefactor of Tilsonburg, the miniature Como received its present appellation. Formerly it had been named Tilson's Pond, but the 90th birthday of Mr. Van Norman having been commemorated by the visit of a party, in which he was the chief figure, on the tiny steamer "Baby Guy," to the scene of beauty, it was rechristened Lake St. Joseph, and as such has since been known. The pictures which we have the pleasure of presenting to our readers to-day furnish fresh justification for the pride taken by the residents of the district in its natural charm. In two of them our interest is shared with groups of holiday-makers—one of them showing the front of a private residence with a party of tennis-loving ladies, sitting or standing in picturesque attitudes. Another is an aquatic scene, and gives a fine idea of the capabilities of the place for boating, as well as some delicate harmonizing of wood and water and atmosphere. In the other two our attention is concentrated on nature's loveliness. The scene, "Around the Bend, Lake St. Joseph," is one for a poet to gaze enraptured on, while the glimpse of "Big Otter Creek," with its wooded banks, is charged with dreamy suggestiveness. Such scenes deepen our devotion to the land that we call our own—"this Canada of ours."

HUNTING THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOAT.—Our readers who are sportsmen will not be slow to appreciate the situation and enter into the spirit of the scenes depicted in the group of illustrations under this heading. In this case the artist can say with truth, as the Trojan hero said to the enamored queen of Carthage,

"Quorum pars magna fui,"
for Major Peters, to whose camera we are indebted for these vivid glimpses of a scenery and a life which must remain aloof from the personal experience of most of us, was also the Nimrod of the mountains. The portrait which we have

the pleasure of presenting to our readers in this number will greatly enhance the interest of his handiwork and of its associations. He may be said to represent a type—a type of which any country may be proud—of the class of men to whom we would look with confidence were rumours of invasion to arise or any other form of peril to assail our borders or our interior. His is that keen intelligence, kept ever on the alert by constant practice in forest or on mountain side, that comes from thorough training of all the senses in the open air, a training which makes the sight and hearing of the savage a marvel to men that live in cities. But in Major Peters that intelligence is refined and sharpened by intercourse with his civilized fellow-men, by education and by the advantages of modern culture and science. He is, therefore, more than a match for the Indian even on his own ground, while his artistic tastes and skill enable him to perpetuate for the pleasure and instruction of others those passages of arms in which he has outwitted the wariest of prey. The Rocky Mountain goat (*Aplocerus Montanus*, Rich, or, in the Cree tongue, *Wapatik*), is met with from the Rockies westward to the Cascade Range and as far northward as the Arctic Circle. It is not so handsome a creature as the Rocky Mountain sheep (*Ovis Montana*, or *Maiatik*), more generally known as the Bighorn, which has its habitat from the Rockies to the Coast Range and northwards to the Arctic Circle, but it gives more play to the hunter. The vigilance of the goat makes it extremely difficult to surprise, and our illustration gives a good idea of the caution that must be exercised to prevent the game scampering off just at the moment of apparent triumph. The artist's explanations will be found ample for the clear understanding of each successive phase in the chase. Major Peters, who was gazetted to his majority in August, 1887, has belonged to the Royal Artillery for a number of years and had command of a battery during the Northwest rebellion, where he distinguished himself, receiving a medal for services.

THE PREPARATIONS FOR THE PARIS EXHIBITION.—The works on the Paris Exhibition have reached that stage in which notions of measure and time are upset, and everyone, from the humblest navvy to the highest official, is putting forth exertions that are well nigh superhuman to have the buildings ready at the date when France must receive her guests. The department of machinery which we reproduce in full activity will give some idea of the manner in which the work is proceeding at the Champ de Mars. Scarcely have the navvies levelled and pressed down the soil, scarcely has the sand been spread over the concrete, when the joists layers set to work, and the timber is no sooner in place than up come other men with saws and nails to adjust the lathing. Shoulder to shoulder, the masons finish the courses of brick as smooth as ice, strong as solid rock and destined to support the heaviest machines sent from all parts of the world. It is a scene of rare activity in which iron and steel assume protean forms—plates and bars, toothed wheels and connecting rods—and in apparent chaos develop an order and a power which are the pride of zealous mechanicians. These latter are never idle, fitting and adjusting, filing, piercing, riveting, while the trains come and go without interruption, puffing, panting, hissing forth the harsh anthem of modern industry in that cathedral of its supreme divinity, the god of steam. Especially noteworthy is the spectacle unfolded from the rotunda as seen in our engraving. The point to which attention is directed is just at the intersection of the machine gallery and the gallery of various industries. From the platform situated at mid-height, which is the artist's point of view, one can see on one side the immense nave of 115 metres, and on the other the artery 35 metres wide—a sort of vestibule that divides into two parts the palace of diverse industries and which ends in the park, having its outlet under the chief dome, just in the axis of the Eiffel Tower. Each of the three architects who directed the work of the Champ de Mars was determined to have his special cupola. M. Formige has given symmetry to that of the Fine Arts and Liberal Arts; M. Bouvard is the author of the dome just mentioned as the principal one, being the highest of all, and M. Dutert has executed the one shown in the engraving. To this last the palm has been given for harmony of curve, elegance of proportions and individuality. The upper portion is lighted by glass work wondrously in tone with the decorations that adorn the corona. The idea is that of a Roman or Byzantine vault, but modified with modern conceptions in harmony with its situation and purpose. The view of the gallery of diverse industries was taken at the stage when masons, carpenters and other workmen were engaged upon it. That stage was succeeded by the arrival of the decorators, painters, ceramic artists and gilders, and these again will go when their task is finished. It was hardly expected, however, that they would all disappear before the date of inauguration. The statue which occupies so commanding a position is that of Etienne Marcel, sent by the firm of Thiébault. Dumilatre's monument to La Fontaine is just being raised. It is not the French alone that are among the eager sharers in this rivalry of industry and zeal. Foreign nations have swelled the host of workers by their most skilful artisans. Not the least entertaining and instructive feature even in the preparations for the great event is the diversity of race and language, customs and traditions represented by the participants.

Old Baboony—"Algernon, these extravagant habits of yours will ruin us all sooner or later. I think it's time for you to settle down and take a wife." Algy: "Why, father, are you crazy? If your means are not enough for one family, how could you possibly support two?"



Editor's Table.

The author of "The Playtime Naturalist" avows "a liking for intelligent English lads, just as some people have for blue china and etchings." After glancing through his book, we can hardly think that bright Canadian lads would be beyond the pale of his sympathies. If we are not mistaken, he would find in Canada scores of boys, and of girls, too, who would enjoy the scientific rambles in search of birds and insects and shells and fossils and small fry and things invisible quite as heartily as Jack Hampson or Willie Ransome. Indeed, one of the earliest books of this useful class was written in Canada, and about Canada, nearly half a century ago—"The Canadian Naturalist" of Philip Henry Gosse, which has a picture of his Townships farm on the frontispiece. We have been more or less intimate with Mr. Gosse (that is, with his works, for he is no longer living) since we were young and hopeful. It was our first companion and interpreter of Canadian country life, and we took such a liking to him that, whenever possible, we bought or borrowed any work that bore his name. Sometimes the process was reversed and the borrowing was done in a way that left us poorer. Thus, some twenty years ago, a friend fell so deeply in love with the "Romance of Natural History" and its picture of the sea serpent that we saw it no more. It was, indeed, evidence of Gosse's open-mindedness that he took the trouble to examine carefully into a question which had previously excited only derision from men of science. The late Professor Proctor followed in his steps, bringing together, in a fairly written essay, all that could be urged in favour of the monster's existence. The sea serpent is still, however, what Gosse designated him years ago, "The Great Unknown." "The Playtime Naturalist" belongs to a class of books on which some savants have frowned. But, in most cases, usage has relaxed the furrows on their brows and reason and results have brought smiles instead. For, undoubtedly, if the tastes of young people are to be developed and happy innate tendencies given fruitful scope, such books as this are indispensable. The highest authorities in science have, moreover, justified them, and some of the greatest minds of our day have not disdained to be engaged in their preparation. The author of "The Playtime Naturalist" is himself one of the lights of our time. As editor of "Science Gossip," Dr. J. E. Taylor, F.L.S., of Ipswich, needs no introduction to many of our readers. He has the rare art of addressing boys in their own tongue wherein they were born—an art that comes, like Dogberry's famous accomplishment, by nature, but which needs cultivation to keep it fresh. The book, which was a labour of love to him, shows that he has not forgotten what "being a boy" means, and to be a boy in his sense is to be a good, not a goody-goody, boy. Dr. Taylor's boy loves out-door life, fishing, bird's-nesting, climbing, swimming—loves, in fine, to be constantly face to face with nature. Writing for English boys, Dr. Taylor has naturally dilated on English scenes, on English types of life. But the very fact that Messrs. D. Appleton & Company have re-issued the book in New York shows that it is not devoid of interest to young students on this continent. At any rate, it is a book that no boy or girl will regret becoming acquainted with. It is bountifully and handsomely illustrated, and both entertaining and instructive, and we cordially commend it.

A book, thought out in Canada and based on a quarter century's experiences in the less frequented regions of our Northwest, has recently been published in England. It is a little book, as to dimensions, but of great compass as to the extent of ground that it covers. It is entitled "Diocese of Mackenzie River," and a map gives us some notion of what that means. It derives additional interest just now on account of the enquiry instituted, on the motion of Senator (now Lieutenant-

Governor) Schultz, into the resources and capacities of the Mackenzie basin. It may be recalled that the announcement that a practically limitless expanse of land, pastoral, agricultural or otherwise valuable, lay between the western shores of Hudson's Bay and the Rocky Mountains, extending northwards nearly to the Arctic Ocean, caused no little excitement, when it was first made. It almost surpassed the searching of heart and document that followed the rediscovery of Lake Mistassini a little previously. There did not, indeed, ensue such an exodus from older regions of eager speculators as the world has been amazingly watching since the barrier was raised between landless outsiders and the promised land of Oklahoma. Research, carefully conducted, elicited the fact that in the Mackenzie basin the Dominion had a grand reserve against any pressure from over-crowding that the years might bring. But all this time, and for years before, earnest missionaries had plodded their weary ways from stage to stage of that mighty wilderness, seeking, as their sole reward, to win over, if possible, a few scattered souls of Indians or Esquimaux. The honours for this apostolic labour are divided between the Roman Catholic and the Protestant Churches. In the present instance, it is with a bishop of the Anglican communion that we are concerned. Bishop William Carpenter Bompas has been a worker in that great field for nearly half his life. What may have been his missionary triumphs we need not now enquire. But that he has the seeing eye, quickened to keener powers of observation by long exercise, far from the haunts of man, is evident from every page of his little book. Some day we hope to give our readers some illustrative extracts, bearing on the races, languages and dispositions of the natives; the character of the soil and scenery; the products of the region that can be used for food; the fauna and flora (both of which are full of features of interest), and the methods by which civilized people can beguile the long dark days of that Arctic clime. For its size, we have seldom seen a volume so brimful of information—of information, in great part, not elsewhere accessible. Most worthy is it of the auspices under which it appears—the Society for the Promotion of Useful Knowledge.

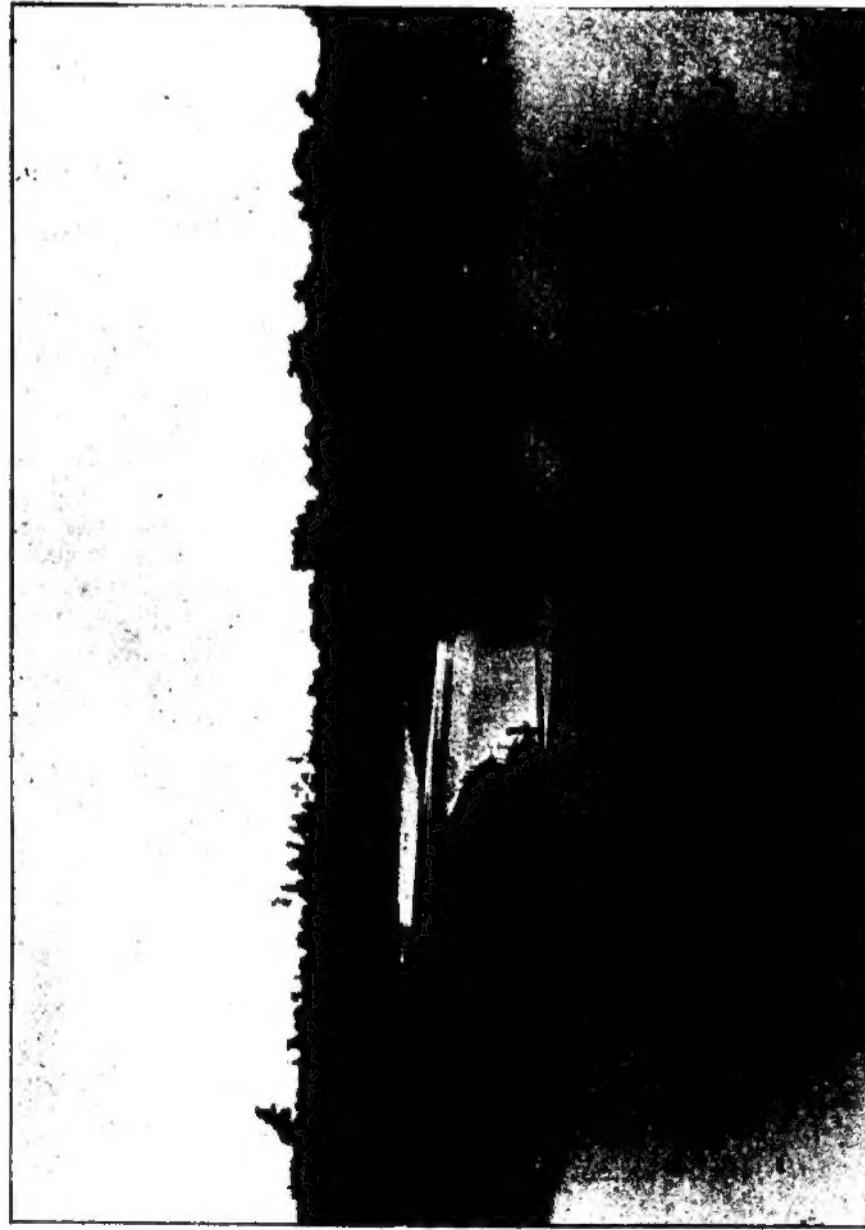
We are much gratified by the receipt from the gifted author of a small volume of "Poems," by Sophie M. Almon, printed for the author by J. J. Anslow, Windsor, N. S., for private circulation. It consists of half a dozen sonnets, half a dozen rondeaux, and nine miscellaneous poems. The key to the unusual degree of triumph which at so early a stage in her career has crowned Miss Almon's poetic strivings is furnished by herself in simple words, elsewhere reproduced. That key in our possession, our enjoyment in reading what she writes is increased, as the pleasure of seeing a picture—if it be worth seeing—transcends the pleasure of reading the cleverest description of it. Miss Almon gives us her impressions of the actual sights and sounds, of the glorious world, so fair, yet so sad—not transcripts, more or less modified, of the impressions of others, or fancy sketches of what her own impressions should or might be, in certain circumstances. She thus makes loyalty to truth the basis of her work. Of course, we are speaking of artistic truth—which, however, is more germane to truthfulness, in the ethical sphere, than may be generally supposed. Our readers have already had an instance of the effect of this high quality on her verse. The very first sonnet in her book furnishes a second and an admirable one. Here it is :

CROWS.
They stream across the fading western sky
A sable cloud, far o'er the lonely leas;
Now parting into scattered companies,
Now closing up the broken ranks, still high
And higher yet they mount, while, carelessly,
Trail slow behind, athwart the moving trees
A lingering few, 'round whom the evening breeze
Plays with sad whispered murmurs as they fly.
A lonely figure, ghostly in the dim
And darkening twilight, lingers in the shade
Of bending willows: "Surely God has laid
His curse on me," he moans, "my strength of limb
And old heart-courage fail me, and I flee
Bowed with fell terror at this augury."

TILSONBURG VIEWS.

From photographs by F. Pollard.

AROUND THE BEND, LAKE ST. JOSEPH.



BOATING PARTY ON LAKE ST. JOSEPH.



ON BIG OTTER CREEK.

PRIVATE RESIDENCE AND TENNIS PARTY, TILSONBURG.



A GOAT HUNT IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

From photographs by Major Peters.

1. We start for our Goat Hunt.
2. A stiff climb on the highest peak.
3. Above the clouds.
4. A mountain pool on the summit.
5. The Home of the Goat. "Can you see any?"
6. The Major discovers a herd, and goes for them, just over the rock.
7. Gone, by jingo!
8. At last, however, he gets a good shot.
9. And scores his first goat.
10. Which is duly skinned.
11. And carefully dried with his subsequent trophies.

The Deserted Garden.



I.

STRANGE it is that a spot so near the city and so lovely as the "Glen" should be comparatively unknown. And from what a recent visit shewed me, I fear the march of progress as made by the Canadian Pacific Railway with its attendant train of cheap dwellings will trample down the beauty and seclusion of the place before it is reached by the slow appreciation of the public.

In sad anticipation of its approaching obliteration, may one, for whom its charms will ever remain "to memory dear," be permitted to erect some memorial, even if only upon perishable paper.

Years ago, when there was a subtle individual intensity about everything, that only the aroma of some fruit or flower recalls now, when "one day telleth another," and summers and winters, joys and griefs, are all so levelled down and run into each other as to be hardly discriminated,—years ago, when "all was young," I made the acquaintance of the Glen.

In search one day for new studies to exert my pencil, the idea struck me to follow St. Catherine street westwards.

It was August, and with the assurance of a beginner I felt I had exhausted the mountain, and must have something to show our drawing master by September quite different from any sketches the rest of the class might produce. Accordingly, I set out with my faithful escort Leo, a big yellow St. Bernard dog.



The car terminus past, real country began. A very pretty suburb now is Cote St. Antoine, but fifteen or twenty years ago it consisted of hardly more than half a dozen homesteads nestling in quiet tranquillity here and there amongst the trees at dignified distances from each other and the main road.

I had often enjoyed the charming view, or rather panorama, from the hospitable verandah of one of the oldest and most commanding of these, situated on the brow of the hill.

Wherever you roamed on the green terraces, above the orchard, or through the garden, rich with flowers of ancient name and fame, you caught some new gem of the landscape with its natural frame of interlaced greenery. Appreciation was trimmed and pointed truer for the suggestions and lights thrown on each "peep" by the kind châtelaine herself.

One of the pleasantest recollections of my youth is of the gracious tact with which, while taking the part of cicerone to the various charms of nature, this gentle lady thought it not irksome to use sense and sensibility in converse with a schoolgirl, and thus lead the young mind to farther vistas of beauty and possibility.

It was from here, one afternoon, that I observed a mist rising over a densely wooded point below.

My friend mentioned the existence of a dingle thereabouts, which I straightway determined to explore.

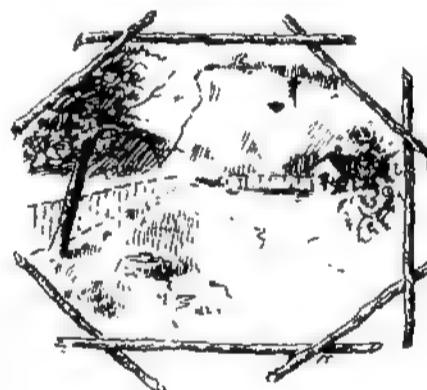
Here, therefore, was I on the road—a very pretty, enticing road, leading over a rough bridge and bordered on either side with fields so picturesque as to constantly tempt me to postpone further quest and remain satisfied with the good

"bits at hand." I abandoned the road at the bridge and followed, instead, the course of the rivulet crossed by it. A freaky, fantastic dance it led me through the copse, which now and then developed into a wood.

The wild flowers allured me to frequent fordings of the stream, by no means an easy exercise, as the water, which was shallow enough, ran through quite a deep channel, and the sides were steep and slippery. I had entirely lost my way and was wondering if anything better than this for sketching would present itself, when a sudden bend in the course brought me into a sort of plain on a level with the stream bed, about fifty feet below the higher land which had formed the bank and now stood a wall on all sides.

A certain regularity about the bushes and position of trees, also the rotting remains of a fence, led to the discovery that the place had once been a garden of some size. A mass of ruddy purple flowers, known as fire-weed (*Senecio Hieracifolius*), straggled over a large space of charred ground, and every now and then appeared a "bleeding heart" or "mock orange blossom" bush, with a dwarfed solitary flower. Little pansies, not larger than violets, scrambled over the ground, regardless of tradition as to bed or walk. Many a depraved flower looked up at the sky with wan and shrunken aspect, while the ant, the slug and the caterpillar crept riot through its leaves.

I took out my sketching block and proceeded to transfer to it the outlines which most powerfully stirred my imagination. Imagination, however, happened to be the only faculty in working order just then. Some time passed, resulting in but a few hints of the fence and background of bank, which at one point sloped down in a steep green hill round a wide curve, and elsewhere rose up a perpendicular wall of dull yellow clay, with a thin line of green at the top, where it developed into the fields above.



I had completed the outlines of what must have been a magnificent elm, now blasted on one side. Arrived thus far it appeared that all the lines converged to this point, first directly over the bed of blazing firewood. Evidently here had been the central spot of the deserted garden; and the pencil lay idle, whilst I conjured up visions of the home once standing there. A low rumbling sounded in my inattentive ears like a muffled drum beat over dead glory. In deepening abstraction I lifted my gaze to the sky away from the sad void by the elm tree.

The soul ever sends the eye heavenward to seek missing comfort.

A rolling mass of grey clouds lowered upon me. Leo came and pushed his cold nose into my hand, then ran about, like a fly, in a dozen different directions, sniffing the ground. A louder rumble, bursting into a roar, woke me to the fact that a heavy storm was in progress, and I shelterless and unprepared. Large drops fell with a slap on leaves and stones, and I, much after Leo's method, ran about looking for protection. At the extreme end of the garden we suddenly ran against a tiny cottage hidden by a clump of lilac bushes and a sumac-tree.

"Some good old habitant's hut," I hoped, and made for the door, just as a vivid stream of lightning and a loud, rattling clap of thunder rent the bursting clouds and spilled their contents in a drenching flood.

II.

THE door opened just in time and I mustered my forces for a civil speech in French by way of conciliating my hostess *malgré lui*. Instead of the loquacious rotundity I expected to confront (my experience leading me to look for such in the smallest habitations), there stood a tall, fragile old lady, with delicate aquiline features and a manner as full of dignified courtesy as if she offered the hospitality of a palace.

"I am glad you escaped a wetting," she said, offering me a chair.

Her voice and accent were unusually well modulated, notwithstanding a certain prim deliberateness of utterance which made my girlish reply feel gushing and ill-considered. She conducted a quiet and pleasant conversation with me, at the same time patting and making great friends with Leo. I soon found courage to show her my sketch, whereupon she made some useful criticisms. The room seemed dark when first entered, but, as its twilight grew familiar, my eye took in the surroundings. A harp stood in one corner, and by it on the floor, leaning against the wall, a guitar, adorned with a broad faded blue ribbon. An easel occupied another corner, and many small water colour sketches ornamented the walls. A group of silhouettes hung over a little writing-table with a fluted red silk drawer. Above the silhouettes hung the portrait of a stern, middle-aged man in a severe stock. All the indefinite impulses and too definite foibles of my youth seemed to rise up and arraign themselves before that face with its light blue eyes, long nose, and lips so tightly shut that every muscle seemed to engage in the tension. The countenance looked irony on the wreath of ivy and immortelles which drooped around the oval frame.

In relieving contrast to this picture were two miniatures upon the opposite wall, partly shaded by a tall screen. One was a pleasing likeness of a young man in a red uniform, its companion a very lovely girl, portrayed with that ideality of curve and tint which miniature painters seem to have revelled in half a century ago. As the shadow from the screen deepened upon this portrait I caught a fleeting resemblance to the living features and nose of my hostess.

Meanwhile the rain still continued and conversation exhibited signs of dwindling resources. My entertainer asked me if I liked reading and made me welcome to whatever of interest was to be found upon her table, while she busied herself otherwise for a time. The first book I took up was a volume of L. E. L.'s poems. It opened at the title page and was inscribed in a manly hand

To Miss Frances Davenport,
with the sincerest esteem and regard
of Owen Falkland.

The letters were blurred a little and the leaf showed raised spots with serrated edges, which somehow quickly put me in mind of a page of quadratic equations in my algebra, over which I had sat up till four o'clock the morning of last examination. I closed the book and opened an album. It contained sketches, selections from favourite authors, and original "Lines," traced in fine Italian handwriting, as great a contrast to the big square dashing style we strove to acquire as the writer's carefully polished good breeding was to the careless, outspoken freedom which distinguishes the fashionable girl of our period. To my thinking, S. D.'s delicately even lettering showed quite as much "character" and more decision than that evinced by the various impulsive splurge of the modern style.

A gleam of sunlight fell athwart the page and I rose to depart. Miss Davenport (for we had exchanged information as to names) accompanied me to the door. The sky was beaming over the universal wetness, making strenuous efforts to do the agreeable after its outburst of ill-temper. But

the pale yellow sunshine only glittered perfunctorily and gleamed at some suspicious looking clouds, which whitened in patches, seeming to show their teeth in response. It looked much like a reconciliation patched up between a pair of panting duellists.

"It is not all over yet," declared Miss Davenport. "See, there go the swallows skimming the ground."

"Superfluous joy around appears,
And nature smiles as tho' she sneers," said I, quoting Lamb.

"Ah, child! never say that," Miss Davenport replied—much too seriously, I thought. "Nature is just the one who always remains kind, whatever befalls. But," she continued in a lighter tone, "lest she should betray her partisan by treating you to a cold, your driest route will be down through the Tanneries. Follow that bend in the bank and it will shortly lead you to a street where you may take the car and reach the lower part of the town."

I thanked her, very glad to avoid a scramble through the wet grass and underbrush. Turning the sharp curve in the bank, I saw that it completely shut off all view of the nook I had just left. I observed also that high up the clay wall was perforated thickly with holes, in and out of which swallows darted excitedly.

"Indeed, Una, I am relieved to see you," my mother cried, as I entered the house. "How did you contrive to keep dry? I saw your umbrella in the hall stand, and knew, of course, you were unprovided against such a sudden change."

I explained.

"Davenport," she repeated; "the name has a familiar sound. Oh, yes! I am sure I have heard old Mrs. Rowe speak of a Mr. Davenport with an only daughter who lived here many years ago. He had been a Hudson's Bay man, very wealthy, I think she said; gave great entertainments and saw a good deal of the military. But it can't be the same family. She did not seem in good circumstances, you say?"

"Did I?" I asked. "I don't remember; but I suppose she is not."

"But really, Una," said my mother to return to her stray lamb, "I hope you do not wander off into out-of-the-way places. Even with Leo I hardly like to trust you so far from town."

"Indeed, mamma, it is scarcely more than a mile from the city limits, as I saw from a milestone." I knew if my mother could form any idea of the glen she would consider it as wild as the backwoods; so I eagerly seized a chance to change the subject.

"Oh, mamma, there goes my old gentleman."

We were standing at the window. "Where?" asked mamma, very naturally falling into the trap and looking out at a fine-looking old man who was passing.

"What a melancholy expression! Silly child!" added she with a laugh, and settling down in an easy chair to her knitting. "And why is he your old gentleman?"

"Because I've adopted him," I replied promptly. "I think he is a stranger here. He sat in our pew on Sunday morning and I lent him my hymn book. He wears a grand military air and behaved all through service as if it were a field and the Archangel Michael were inspecting the troops."

III.

lost not much time in revisiting a spot which to my young imagination seemed possessed of a charmed atmosphere all its own. In these green glades and hiding nooks I could conjure up scenes from "Robin Hood" or "Midsummer Night's Dream," or the "Faery Queen," and many besides. The bent



form of the old lady welcomed my vision when next I entered the dell. She was gathering mushrooms. Her face brightened as she saw me and advanced a step or two to greet me.

From that time a weekly meeting strengthened our intercourse into a firm friendship, and if, on entering the garden, I missed a glint of the grey gown—of some antique stuff much brocaded with patient darn and temporizing patch—it became an understood thing that I should call at the cottage. On bright days, when she felt inclined for a stroll, Miss Davenport shewed me many good subjects for my pencil and materially assisted its operations by criticism and advice.

We were standing in the old garden one day in the late summer. I had fallen in love with an immense sunflower and was preparing to sketch it. Miss Davenport made some remark about the growing thickness of the afternoons, always more quickly perceptible down in the dell, whence the sunshine fled nearly an hour sooner than from the higher ground. I suggested carrying the sunflower indoors and finishing it there.

"Oh, no! Do not pull it to-day," said my companion, nervously. Then, with a faint flush and a smile upon her fragile face, she explained: "It is next week's marketing."

"What?" I cried, "can you eat that?"

"Why not?" laughed Miss Davenport. "However, as it happens, I don't intend to do so directly. It is to provide meals for my little hen, and the centre of the blossom is hardly ripe yet. In a day or two poor Clytia must be sacrificed."

In order to dissipate any dreadful impression of her sordidness which might settle in my mind, Miss Davenport went on speaking with unusual communicativeness.

"The Glen is superior to a butcher's shop or market in many ways. In the first place my commissariat is at my very door, you see; and then everything keeps so fresh. Besides, just consider the variety. Mushrooms to-day; yesterday some delicious cress from the brook; to-morrow there will probably be puff-balls ready." To a school girl's lively appetite this appeared very painful fare, and I hardly knew what to say. So I idly wondered aloud where Leo had taken himself off to.

"I suppose," surmised Miss Davenport, "he considered you safe enough with me and has gone for a ramble on his own account. Wise dog."

Leo did not return for nearly half an hour. Then, looking up from my sunflower, I espied him coming at full speed round the corner. "Is it that the colour of the flower is in my eyes?" I asked, "or has Leo a yellow something in his mouth?"

He stopped short upon seeing us, then trotted on slowly, and finally dropped whatever it was he carried, and seemed irresolute as to the next move. I moved towards him and he shrunk around me with his tail between his legs. In both so superior, his courage could not outface his conscience, and he failed to growl protection for the parcel that lay on the ground wrapped in stiff yellow paper. We unfolded it. There was revealed a fine leg of mutton. Confident of safety here Leo had not waited on the road to demolish his plunder. He must have counted on our being indoors.

"Oh, Leo! you wicked thief!"

Leo crouched abject, yet longing.

"Poor dog, let him have it," pleaded Miss Davenport.

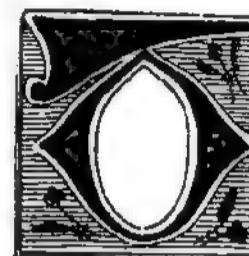
"No, indeed," I said, sternly, inwardly rejoicing over the booty and its careful wrappings, which Miss Davenport could not have failed to observe. "He shall not be rewarded for such dishonesty. Could you not put it in the house, please, Miss Davenport, where it won't tempt him. We must teach him a lesson. He is getting frightfully greedy. If you could have seen the dishful he dined off to-day. So much meat can't be good for him at this time of year."

"I fear some one will be at the loss of it," Miss Davenport hesitated doubtfully.

"Well, but I can't carry it about looking for an owner, can I? and certainly Leo is not to be trusted to return it honestly. Bad dog! Down, sir!"

After that I took a violent fancy to study the culinary art, much to our cook's disgust, and had to carry Miss Davenport samples in order that she might pronounce upon my progress and skill.

IV.



THE season was advancing. Black Monday drew near. For my visits to the Glen, I should soon be dependant upon the moods and humours indulged in by the Saturdays of a season given over to moods and humours, mostly aqueous. I had "done" the place pretty thoroughly—for me—but could not harbour the thought of breaking the intercourse with my old friend, of whom I had become quite fond.

"How do you manage in winter?" I enquired of her one day.

"Oh, Archambault, an old retainer, living in the Tanneries, comes and digs me out occasionally. He used to occupy the cottage when it was our lodge, and he does not forget his old mistress. His wife, too, bestows some time charring about the house."

"But is it not very lonely for you? Could you not take a room somewhere? There must be some better way."

I felt venturesome in thus speaking, for Miss Davenport always observed a dignified reticence with regard to her own affairs. Whenever she broke through her reserve, even in trifles—such as the local edibles, for instance—it was done with an air of special indulgence for me, but eloquent at the same time of the effort it cost her. She did not now reply for a moment, then said very quietly:

"Yes, child, there may be a way, but the means are lacking. The Archambaults would be pleased to place a room at my disposal, but I could not remunerate them for the services they would render, if I maintain the position I have always held to them." Her expression grew into a strong resemblance to the proud face in the old portrait, which I now knew to be her father's, as she continued, "It would be impossible to sit at the same table and become one of themselves, as I should feel bound to do, were I simply their guest. No. We must not act as though there were no principles to guard for others. I will never so impair the integrity of the social fabric."

Which long speech from my old friend reduced me to silence for the time.

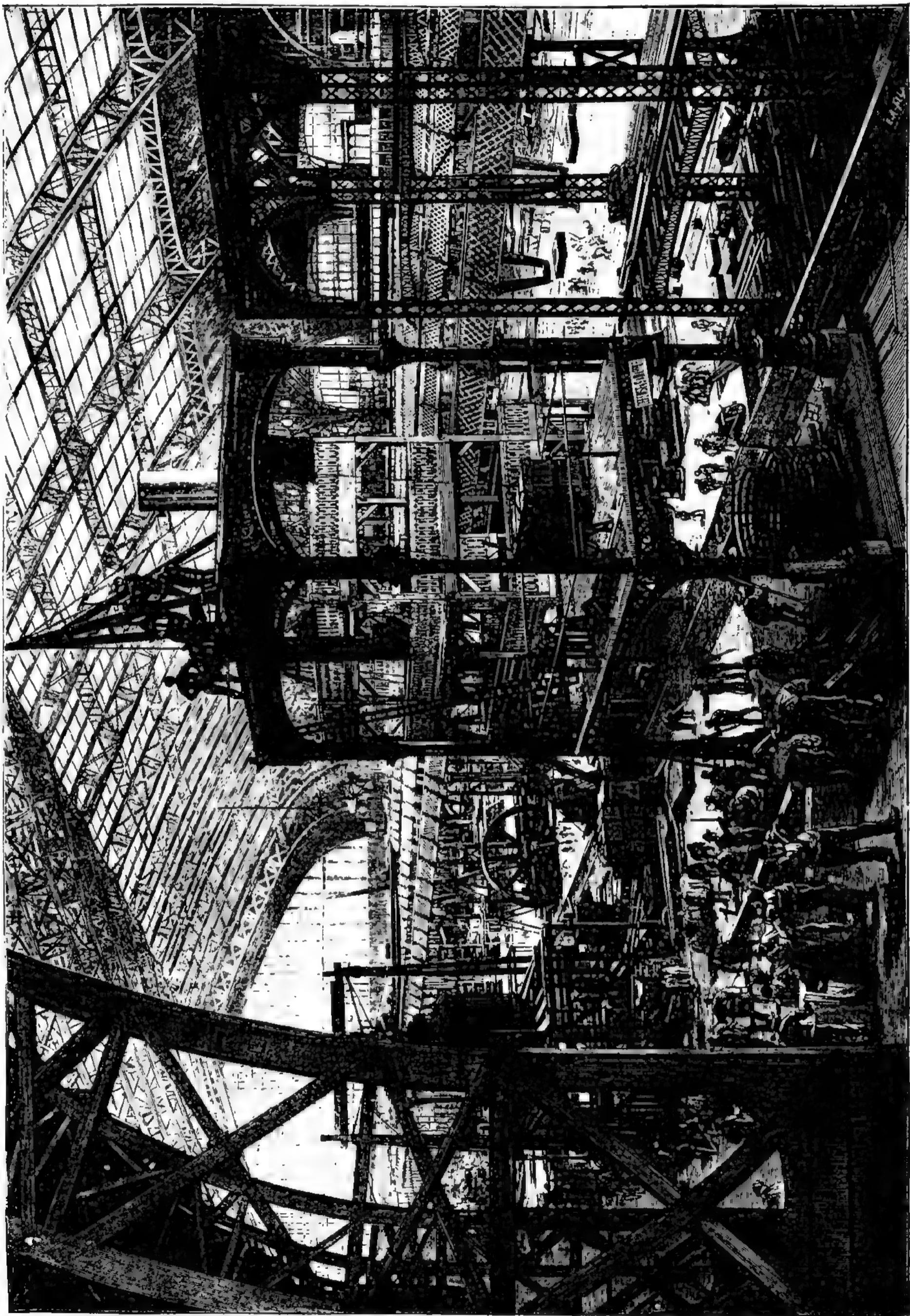
V.



WO or three weeks passed before time and opportunity again permitted me to visit the Glen. When I did so it was just after a frost, and the poor straggling relics of floral beauty lay half blackened on the dank ground in the deserted garden. Some white berries, with dark, glossy leaves alone survived, under shelter of the elm, and these I gathered, knowing it would please Miss Davenport to see them in my dress. She loved these poor souvenirs of her Eden, and never seemed aware of their decadence when pressing their acceptance upon me with a little accompanying speech, "At least I can offer you some flowers."

When we met I was struck with a change in my friend. She was sitting with the old album open before her. A faint pencil sketch of the Glen on one page, on the opposite a transcription of

PROGRESS OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION BUILDINGS.



VIEW IN THE MACHINERY HALL.

From Illustration

4th MAY, 1889.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.

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VIEW FROM THE ROTUNDA OF THE INDUSTRIAL HALL.

From *Illustration*.

"Partant pour La Syrie." Her guitar lay across her lap and the thin fingers twined and twisted a couple of broken strings. She had not risen to open the door for me as usual, but I had entered on hearing the feeble "Come" which answered my knock.

I saw that her cheeks were rosy, as she looked up at me, and the veins about her chin and temples showed dark and distinct. Her eyes, too, were dark and brilliant, but seemed to look past and through me.

"I have been trying this old air," she said, "but (with a slow sigh and long gaze at the music) twilight has fallen."

"Dear Miss Davenport, you are ill," I exclaimed, as I held her hot hand. "Let me stay with you till Monday."

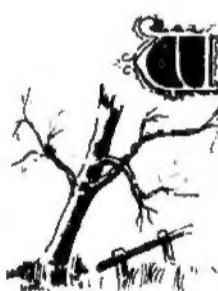
She made no answer; hardly even seemed to hear me. I left her immediately, as there was no time to lose if I would return to town and obtain my mother's permission. There was some difficulty in impressing mamma with the urgency of the case, but she consented at last, only insisting that I should be accompanied by our old nurse, Betsey.

It was a problem how the cottage could accommodate such an increase of inmates, but Betsey declared she could stow herself away anywhere, and proceeded to fill a basket with a wonderful assortment of scraps of flannel, camphorated spirits, jelly and what not. She was about to load my restive patience with yet another straw, by setting up a quest for a pot of goose-grease, when mother came, laughing, to my rescue and sent us off without it. Betsey lamented the lack of her favourite remedy all the way out. She was sure Miss Davenport was in for a heavy cold, in which case there was nothing more efficacious. With goose-grease and flannel she would like to see the cold she could not cure. As a matter of fact, nothing would have terrified her more.

"Many's the time, Miss Una, when you was little and that subjeck to croup as I never knew the night you might not start up on me, crowin' like I don't know what. Many's the time I've saved you with them two blessed things," etc., etc., with particular instances in point.

We found Miss Davenport very weak and ready to do anything we thought fit. She shewed no surprise at our presence, and treated Betsey as if the sight of her there was quite familiar. She slept feverishly all that night, but appeared more like herself next morning, though making no effort to leave her bed.

VI.

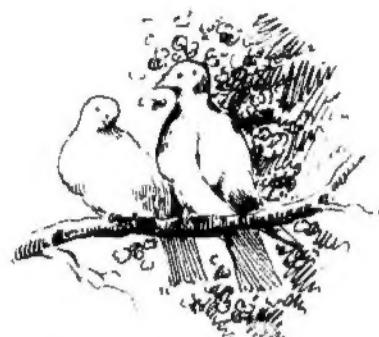


HEN we had "settled her up," in Betsey's parlance, she called me to her and said: "Una, child, when I was your age, I thought myself surrounded by more friends than I could count, but now, after a long life, not one of all that circle is here, and you, whom I have only known half a short summer, you are my only friend."

I pressed her hand and tried to tell her that none could have held her friendship more dear than I; but she hardly listened, and went on to say: "I should like you to know what my life has been. My father was a wealthy man; I his only daughter. I do not remember my mother at all, or any other relatives. My father built the house which once stood here for a summer residence, that he might be nearer a large lumber business. Every day he used to ride off through the Tanneries to it. He never discussed his affairs with me, and to this day I am ignorant of them. But I know we were considered wealthy; that, when it suited my father's whim, the house used to be filled with visitors. Amongst them all I had admirers, but did not care for any till—" Here her voice sunk to silence.

After a time she recollects herself and asked me to bring her the two miniatures from the other room.

She lay still a long time looking at them, while varying expressions passed over her face.



"This is a portrait of myself at your age, Una, and this other is the artist of both pictures. He was a Captain Falkland—Owen Falkland was his name. Of good family, he had no fortune except his pay. My father, whom I had never before seen otherwise than quiet and courteous, was furious when we spoke to him of our mutual regard. He denied Owen the house, and forbade, with dreadful anger, my ever again holding any intercourse with Captain Falkland. From what he let fall in the unreserve of wrath, it appeared he had formed a plan of taking me home to England and introducing me to society there, when I, for my part, was to form an alliance which should commend itself to him. He was a man of unbounded ambition, and quite expected me to make a brilliant match.

"My poor Owen was more to me—is more to me—than any other being could ever have been, however endowed. We managed to correspond, and as we dared not risk discovery by employing messages, we invented a post-office of our own. Dear Una, you will smile when I tell you where it is. You have, doubtless, observed the swallows' nests in the bank by the roadside? Well, it was in one of these we hid our mutual vows and condolence, and corresponded regularly, without any one ever being the wiser, until autumn came. Yesterday was the anniversary of the day my father moved into town, and soon afterwards took me with him to Boston. He gave me no warning of his movements, and when again we returned to Montreal, we learnt that Captain Falkland's regiment had gone to India. Nothing more definite of his whereabouts could I discover—and that "Glenhaven" was burnt to the ground. My father seemed much disturbed at the loss of the house, and it so unsettled him that he wandered about from one place to another incessantly. In answer to friends' enquiries, he began to say his health required change, and certainly it failed suddenly and rapidly.

"When he died I found myself penniless. I tried teaching for the means of subsistence, with but poor success. At last I came to this, the one little spot whose possession none will dispute with me."

She sank back exhausted and closed her eyes.

"But did you never hear from Captain Falkland after your father's death?" I enquired.

"Never. In those days postal arrangements were deficient and transportation of news precarious. I did write, and enclose a paper containing news of my father's death and bankruptcy, to different posts in India on the chance of Owen's regiment being stationed at any of them. But nothing ever came of it."

The slow tears rolled down the worn face, and the portrait of the handsome young officer in the gay uniform was raised to the quivering lips.

I stole out of the room.



VII.

EXT day our patient was very feverish indeed. I abandoned all idea of leaving her. Betsy came running into the small kitchen, where she had left me stirring some concoction while she visited Miss Davenport.

"I b'lieve she's wandering, poor lady. To think of all her nerves must a'gone through, shut up by her lone in this wild place! I'm sure it's no wonder if she's taken leave of her senses. Miss Una, if you're not frightened, I wish you would find out what she wants. She keeps asking for you and talking of swallows' nests all of a tumble."

I left Betsy in more amenable company and went to Miss Davenport, whom I had not seen since taking a nap to replace my broken night's rest.

I found her excited, but in possession of her senses.

"Una," she said, as soon as she saw me, "an idea has seized me that I cannot shake off. I wish you would look in the old swallow's nest. Perhaps there may be something left in it. It is the first of a group of five, directly beneath a young birch, to your right as you leave 'Glenhaven.'"

Of course, I promised to go at once, hoping thus to soothe the excitement which was so bad for my poor old friend. On my way, my heart sank as I considered the disappointment which inevitably awaited her. Needlessly I ran along the path till I stood before the high wall of dull yellow clay, and then I saw how impossible it was to reach it from below. I must retrace my steps till, at some sloping point in the bank, I could gain the higher ground. The birch, which stood out distinct and clear against the sky from below, was only one of many others up here. Besides, it must have grown considerably since it sentinelled the trysting place of Miss Davenport and her lover. Therefore, some little time was absorbed in determining its exact locality. Having done so, I found that the roots of itself and companions had so grown as to impose a difficulty in reaching the nests. I had to lie down, holding on to a bush, while I leaned over the edge of the cliff and poked a long, straight branch, with a forked twig at the end, into the hole. A handful of twigs, leaves and dust rewarded my efforts. No shred of paper appeared amongst these. I threw them away and commenced a fresh invasion of the nest. I was becoming interested enough to feel a likelihood of suddenly striking on something more compact than the light débris as yet brought to view, when a voice, stern and vibrating started me.

"What are you doing there, young woman?"

I looked up and saw "my old gentleman." Always erect and stately he now towered above me. His usual pallor was replaced by a bright colour, while his eyes had lost the dimness of abstraction and indifference and glowered at me with an intensity and fire that heightened the alteration in his aspect and made the appellation "old" seem all at once entirely absurd.

My schoolgirl skill in accounting for a truly ridiculous position, left me very much at the mercy of the experienced disciplinarian, and he soon possessed himself of the purport of my mission and its source.

"Young lady," he said, "I am certain there is nothing in that deserted nest. I will accompany you to your friend and myself inform her of the fact."

In vain I told him the lady was ill and could not see strangers. He waved me on authoritatively, and I was obliged to return with him to the cottage, supported by the hope that Betsy would be able to put him to rout. Showing the pertinacious visitor into the tiny parlour, I sought my tower of defence. But the wild hope of the sick woman lay watching at all the doors of sense, and a feeble voice cried, as I passed: "Come, Una, you must have something for me. Don't keep me waiting."

Then, before there was time to turn, I heard a quick stride in the narrow passage, followed by a

rapidly uttered cry from two voices across the chasm of the years.

"Frances!"

"Owen!"

But even before that greeting, I knew, by some electric thrill from the intensity of the moment, that at long last the lovers had met.

When, after the lapse of hours, Betsy insisted on my taking in some nourishment to the invalid, my feet were arrested on the threshold of the door by the attitude of the old soldier.

He was on his knees at the bedside, his hands stretched far above his bowed grey head, as one reaching for what Heaven holds forever beyond grasp.

A trembling step forward shewed me the delicate, worn face lying back on the scarcely whiter pillows, the features looking nearly as smooth and clear-cut as in the companion picture to that lying on the coverlet and half clasped in the tense, rigid fingers.

One glance at that set, calm and placid pallor and I knew, though my eyes saw it for the first time, that I looked on that against which nerve, pulse and heart throbbed and beat in passionate rebellious pain.

VIII.

 few days after the loss of my dear old friend, a parcel was left at the door, with compliments and sincerest regards of Col. Falkland, whose name was that morning in the list of departures for England.

The package contained the old album, with a new inscription on a slip of mourning paper, "commending it to the care of Miss Una Gower, whose friendship for its late owner, the sender believed, would make the book a merited and valued souvenir."



K. A. C.

RED AND BLUE PENCIL.

Our readers may think, perhaps, that to enter fully into the beauty, pathos and solace of the following sonnet, they ought to have before them the painting of the same name on which it is founded, or, at least, an engraving of it. The artist is G. F. Watts, R. A., and "The Angel of Death" is one of his masterpieces. For our own part we take more comfort from the poem than we could ever take from the painting. Grand it assuredly is in conception and execution: even a feeble reproduction reveals that much. But no halo of promise, no gleams of iridescent light can lift the gloom of those terrible overshadowing wings. Very fine and very suggestive it is, but to us not hope-inspiring. The poem, in thought and expression, is admirable throughout.

THE ANGEL OF DEATH.

Tired spirit, come! Lo! the celestial light
Encompasseth thee, and above thy head
A halo is. On earth they call thee dead.
Alone thou art not for thy heavenly flight:
I, angel from on high, am sent for thee;
Encircled now by my protecting arms,
I bear thee far beyond all earth's alarms—
Thou weary soul, confide thyself to me!
Now and forevermore doth sorrow cease,
And jealousy and envy, toil and strife,
For the supernal Goodness reigns above.
My touch shall give thee everlasting peace;
And from my breath thou hast immortal life;
My kiss . . . ah, shrink not, . . . is eternal love!

MARY MORGAN (Gowan Lea.)

Feb. 1889
Strange is the force of association. For some days after reading Miss Morgan's poem and looking at the engraving of the Academician's picture which accompanied it, we were puzzled to

know why the poem and the picture affected us so differently. It was to the wings we took exception. They reminded us of something which, we felt assured, was not hopeful in its tendency. At last the mention of Omar Khayyam, in a poem to the memory of his translator or interpreter, recalled one of the pictures in Vedder's Accompaniment. It is the illustration of this quatrain:

So when the Angel of the darker drink
At last shall find you by the river brink
And, offering his cup, invite your soul
Forth to your lips to quaff—you shall not shrink.

The wings of the angel in that picture, different though it is in other respects from that of Watts, have the same towering predominance, the same metallic lustre. We saw an engraving of it first in the *Century*. Some time after, through the kindness of a friend, we had the privilege of examining the entire work.

Here is the latter half of the tribute to Fitzgerald in the *Atlantic* for May:

But from the dust in Omar's tomb
A Fakir has revived a Rose,—
Perchance the old ancestral bloom
Of that one by the mosque which blows;
And from its petals he has caught
The inspiration Omar knew,—
Who from the stars his wisdom brought
A Persian Rose that drank the dew.
The Fakir now in dust lies low
With Omar of the Orient;
Fitzgerald, shall we call him? No;
"Twas Omar in the Occident!"

We have just received from a trustworthy source the assurance that the "Songs and Poems of the Great Dominion," edited by Mr. W. D. Lighthall, will shortly be in the hands of the Canadian public. The book is succinctly characterized as comprising "poems and passages distinctive of Canada, its scenery, life, races, history, the canoe, the forest, the toboggan, the settlements, the North-West." From what we know of the writer, we believe that the book will be as worthy of our land as it was in his power to make it. It will certainly be the most conscientious representative collection of Canadian poetry ever issued from the press, and no good Canadian can afford to be without it. Those who would make sure of early copies would do well to send their names to Messrs W. Drysdale & Co., of this city, without delay.

We have been favoured with a letter from Prof. Squair, of University College, Toronto, in which, after taking exception to some criticisms on his "Contributions to the Study of the Franco-Canadian Dialect," he adds that, having written to Mr. G. L. Dick, a notary of the parish of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, he received the following reply:

"Le mot *rale* sert dans la bouche de quelques personnes à désigner une branche d'arbre."

"Le mot *aucun* doit se prononcer comme si le *c* était remplacé par un *k* mais vulgairement le *c* se prononce comme *g* et par quelques uns comme *tj*; enfin le mot *humble* se prononce vulgairement comme *omenue*."

We gladly accept this confirmation of Mr. Squair's views, which were published in an excellent paper read before the Canadian Institute and included in its Proceedings. Delicate differences of pronunciation are sometimes hard to catch, but one who has given careful study to the subject like Professor Squair, or who has had some local peculiarity constantly forced on his attention, like Mr. Dick, must be accepted as witnesses that are above suspicion. For what object could they have in misrepresentation? We have read Mr. Squair's paper with much pleasure and profit.

His friends in Montreal will be glad to hear about Mr. Douglas Sladen. He expects to be in Quebec early in June, and there he purposes remaining for about a month. His next sojourn will be in Toronto, whence he will see what is to be seen in Ontario. Some time in September he will leave Montreal for Glasgow, where he is to deliver the first address before the Royal Scottish Society of Literature, of which he was elected an honorary member just before coming to the Carnival.

Mr. Harry Watts gives an appreciative review of the life and work of the late George Frederick Cameron in the *King's College Record* for March. The poet's brother and the editor of his "Lyrics" is editor of the *Queen's College Journal*. Mr. Goodridge B. Roberts, in the same number of the *Record*, does justice to the Rev. W. W. Campbell. Cameron was a Nova Scotian. That province has yielded so many of our later singers that it is almost a surprise to learn that Mr. Campbell is a native of Ontario.

"Jus et norma." These words having been written across the map of a newly surveyed district in Upper Canada, the words were adopted as the names of townships. In the *Upper Canada Gazette* for March 11, 1822, these three names, "Jus," "Et" and "Norma" were formally altered to "Barrie," "Palmerston" and "Clarendon." Flos, Tay and Tiny, which are still the designations of three thriving townships in the Penetanguishene region, were given in honour of three of Lady Sarah Maitland's lap-dogs. Dr. Scadding, who mentions all these instances of capricious nomenclature, adds three others still more daringly disrespectful to posterity—"Yea," "No," and "Aye." These, too, it was deemed well to change, the substitutes being "Burleigh," "Grims-thorpe" and "Anglesea."

The mention of Lady Sarah Maitland recalls that ridiculous slip of Sir Archibald Alison's, who, having occasion to mention Sir Peregrine Maitland among those who took part in the Duke of Wellington's funeral, actually set him down and allowed him to appear in print as "Sir Peregrine Pickle."

"Slack Tide," the poem by Miss Sophie M. Almon, which appeared in our last issue, is, as an accompanying letter of explanation from the author informs us, "literally true to nature." "It is," continues Miss Almon, "a bit of simple photography, and was written in my boat one day last summer—a drowsy afternoon in August." This piece of personal history enhances manifold our interest in the poem. It is impossible not to perceive that Miss Almon has the true poetic gift, and no second-hand imitation. The warm eulogy of Prof. Roberts was fully justified. In another column we have more to say on the same subject.

HUMOUROUS.

Young Wife: "How the world moves! There's Bessie Gray, an old chum of mine, a graduate of the normal school, has just entered a medical college. She will soon be able to write M.D. after her name. Women are coming to the front, I tell you. Formerly, girls were taught nothing but housekeeping." Young husband: "Yes, and now they're taught everything but housekeeping."

A patent medicine vendor, in a country village, was dilating to a crowd upon the wonderful efficiency of his iron bitters. "Why," said he, "Steve Jenkins had only taken the bitters one week when he was shoved into prison for murder, and what does Steve do but open a vein in his arm and take iron enough out of his blood to make a crowbar, with which he pried the doors open and let himself out. Fact!"

Paradoxical as it may seem, writes the veracious Joe Howard, the prettiest model in New York is a coloured girl who lives in Yonkers. She is a perfect type of Africa's golden sand, with a low forehead, jet black eyes, expanded nostrils, thick lips, white teeth, but, for all that, the most attractive in appearance, with a figure that is statuesque superb. She stands straight as an arrow, is twenty years old, weighs 135 pounds, and is full of life and blood as it is possible for human nature to be. During the months of October, November and thence on to May she readily makes from \$5 to \$10 a day five days in the week.

He was a very courteous man,
With manners perfect quite;
No one was ever so urbane,
Or could be more polite.

To hear him murmur, "Thank you, sir!"
Was really quite a treat;
To see him bow with inborn grace
Was happiness complete.

But though a man be most polite,
Some time he's sure to slip
From grace, and once a cruel fate
Made even this one trip.

For one day a sweet girl said "Yes,"
(How strange are Cupid's pranks!)
And then he lost her, once for all,
Because he murmured "Thanks!"

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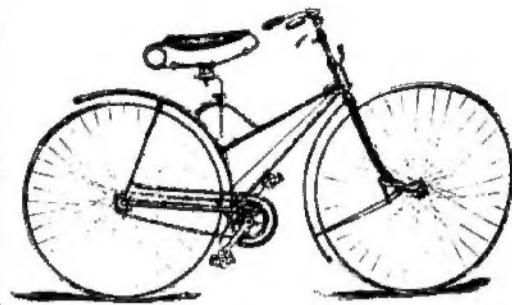
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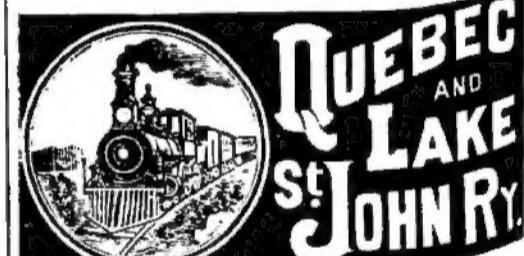
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